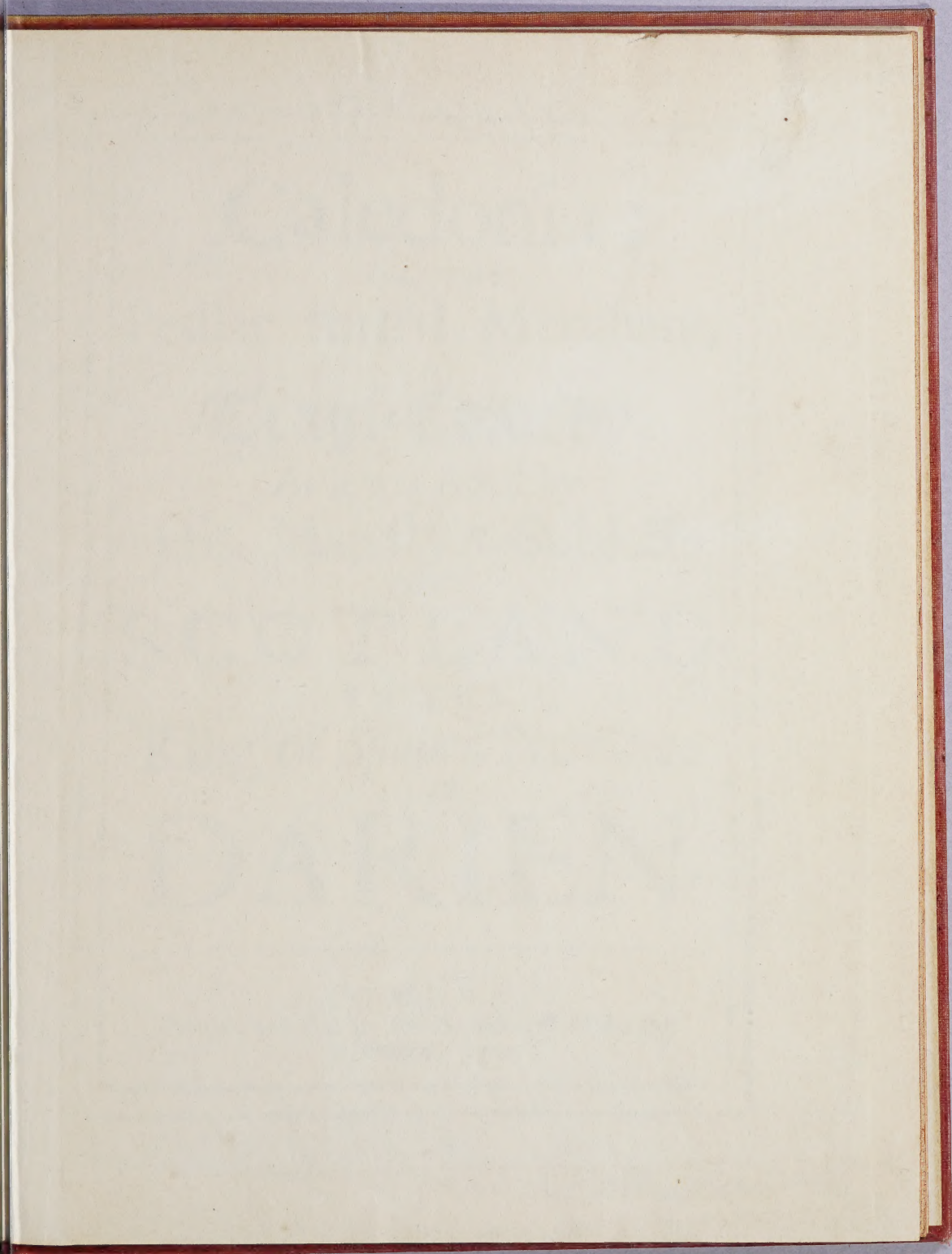




John Carter Brown.



not on Parus,

Sub

*Faterson*

530

**Caledonia;**  
OR, THE  
Pedlar turn'd Merchant.  
A  
**Tragi-Comedy,**  
As it was Acted by  
His Majesty's Subjects  
OF  
**SCOTLAND,**  
IN THE  
King of Spain's Province  
OF  
**DARIEN.**

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PRICE

JOHN CARTER BROWN

[ 1 ]

# Caledonia, &c.

I.

**A** Sorry Poor Nation, which lies *as full North,*  
As a great many Lands which are *wiser,*  
Was resolv'd to set up for a People of Worth,  
That the *Loons* who laugh'd at Her might  
prize her.

II.

Her *Sons* were as false, and as apt for deceit,  
As her *Daughters* were ready for change;  
And if *Scrubbing Scot* had an *Itch* to be great,  
It deserv'd more Excuse than the *Mange*.

III.

But what *means* to find out, or make use of what *ways,*  
Was a business quite puzzled her Thought,  
B For

( 2 )

For believe me 'twas no easie matter to raise  
Such indigent Scoundrels from nought.

## IV.

When (as ill Luck would have it) it came in her Head,  
To fling by her *Packs* and her *Linnen*,  
And since Times had always in *Scotland* been Dead,  
To chuse a new Method to sin in.

## V.

Her Neighbours she saw, and curs'd them and their gains,  
Had *Gold* as they ventur'd in search on't,  
And why should not she who had *Guts in her brains*  
From a *Pedlar* turn likewise a *Merchant*?

## VI.

Her claim was as fair, and as Just was her Plea  
To the goods of this Life as the best,  
And if *Sinners* look green like a *Fruitful Bay Tree*,  
That a *Scotch-man* should *Wither's* a *Jest*.

## VII.

Yet *Mammon* was false to his *Worshipper* true,  
And with-held from his sight what he serv'd,  
And though he sinn'd on, and believ'd like a *Jew*,  
Like a *Saint of a Christian* he starv'd.

## VIII.



( 3 )

VIII.

Howe'er, 'twas resolv'd it should cost her a fall  
But her Children should prosper and rise,  
And she'd venture their Necks, and the Devil and all,  
- Of *what Worth*, is best known to the *Wife*.

IX.

For how could she *Fall* who *Crep'd* on the Ground,  
And was level'd with *Thistles* and *Brakes*?  
Or what *Risque* could they *Run* who had nought to be  
found  
But their *Necks*, and their *Lice* for their *Stakes*?

X.

Yet, though the *Base Land* and her *People* were curs'd  
With the want of *Just* means to get *Wealth* ;  
Though their *Feilds* and their *Faces* spoke *Hunger* and  
*Thirst*  
Their *Hands* were for *Plenty* and *Health*.

XI.

And if their *Lean Acres* 'stead *Breadcorn* and *Wines*,  
Bore 'em *Oats* to discover their *Natures*,  
And they'd nothing but *Cole-Pits* in the *Room* of *Gold-*  
*Mines*  
To shew what was *design'd* for such *Creatures*.

( 4 )

## XII.

'Twas the very same thing since *Spain* and *Peru*  
 Had abundance of what they had none;  
 Could they steal it, no matter where the Mineral grew,  
 Possession would make it their own.

## XIII.

This *Paterfon* saw, their Pastor and Guide,  
 Who rejoyc'd such a Frollick had seiz'd 'em;  
 And flinging his *Texts*, and his *Sermons* aside,  
 Left his Flocks to be damn'd if it pleas'd 'em.

## XIV.

The Prospect of *Gain* made him off with his *Band*,  
 And away with his *Bible Geneve*;  
 For he had a business of *Weight* on his Hand,  
 The *Deceivers* to Cheat and *Deceive*.

## XV.

He had whin'd, and had pray'd, and had taught, and  
 had read,  
 Till his Hearers were going to leave him;  
 And had got scarce a Morsel to put in his Head,  
 For the Deel of a Jack could they give him.

## XVI.

( 5 )

## XVI.

When he thought it but fit, as an *Orthodox* Teacher  
 To get rid of his *Pennyles* Lecture,  
 And since he look'd *thin* and had *starv'd* when a *Preacher*,  
 To grow *Fat* with the Name of *Projector*,

## XVII.

Wherefore packing up his *Divinity Tools*,  
 He left *Them* and their *Sins* to God's *Mercys*,  
 And forsaking the *care* of their *Ignorant Souls*,  
 He put in for the *care* of their *Purses*.

## XVIII.

Which no one had strove for had their *Credit* not went  
 Pritty currant with those who ne'er knew  
 The *Reasons* they took up at *Thirteen per Cent*.  
 What they ne're could repay though at *Two*.

## XIX.

The People were willing, and ready prepar'd  
 To give way to his *Protestant* suit,  
 And greedily caught and believ'd what they *heard*,  
 Though they ne're from the *Pulpit* wou'd do't.

XX

( 6 )

XX.

Which the sly Man of *Kirk* having Joyfully found,  
 He made use of his Wits at Command,  
 And told 'em he knew of a large Peice of Ground,  
 Where *Gold* was as Plenty as *Sand*.

XXI.

And their Title to Rule it was as firm and as clear  
 As the *Scots* were ordain'd for *Salvation*;  
 Nor could the poor sorrowful place where they were  
 Be design'd for a *Sanctify'd* Nation.

XXII.

' *Ye are Israel's Sons, said the Scandal of Priests,*  
 ' *And Israel's Sons should be fed*  
 ' *Not with Onions and Oatcakes like a Parcel of Beasts,*  
 ' *But with Manna and good Wheaten Bread.*

XXIII.

' *Your Fathers before ye spent many a day*  
 ' *In Bondage, in Want, and in Labours,*  
 ' *Till Moses got Pharoah to send 'em away*  
 ' *To the grief of their Land-Lords and Neighbours.*

XXIV.

( 7 )

XXIV.

‘ And I weep when I think that my Countrymen’s case  
 ‘ Has so near a Resemblance to theirs,  
 ‘ That they sweat and they toil in manuring a place,  
 ‘ Which has nothing to give ’em but Tares.

XXV.

‘ But if ye’l be rul’d and be flexible Lads  
 ‘ In treading the Paths which I’ll shew,  
 ‘ And attend to good Counsel like your Israelite Dade,  
 ‘ I’ve a Canaan in store too for you.

XXVI.

‘ Not that I bid you do as your Fathers have done,  
 ‘ Who God help ’em are fast in their Grave,  
 ‘ But those who’ve no goods or effects of their own,  
 ‘ May make use of their Neighbour’s which have.

XXVII.

The words were scarce out, and had mingled with Air,  
 When the People soon found what he meant,  
 And as a return to his Fatherly care  
 Scratch’d their A---ses to shew their consent.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

For the Reader must know that as other Folks hum  
And clap at the close of a Speech ;  
Soto shew they are *Tickled*, these *finger* their *Bum*  
And lay *bold* on the places which *Itch*.

XXIX.

Though he well might have spar'd the *consent* which he  
gave  
To the giddy Felonious Rout ;  
For they ne're were yet known to stand asking for *leave*,  
But to take what they wanted *without*.

XXX.

As for their *Relation* to the *People of God*,  
Such a claim have th' incredulous *Jews*,  
And though this *Alliance* might look very odd  
'Twas made out by their *Faith*, and their *Shoes*.

XXXI.

The first was like *Saul's*, and breath'd Famin and War,  
To the true *Church of Christ* and his *Priests*  
And the last in the *Wilderness* travel'd so far  
That their *feet* were as *bare* as their *Beasts*.

XXXII.

[ 9 ]

XXXII.

But allow that for Truth which their Leader had said,  
 And conclude 'em right *Jews* in their *Hearts*;  
 They were down-right *Egyptians* by the *Lice* which  
 were spread  
 In the midst of their other foul *parts*.

XXXIII.

Let 'em be what they would, 'twas the Vote of each Clan,  
 They'd a right to be led by a *Moses*,  
 And this was the *Sanctify'd* Tool of a Man  
 Whom they'd follow next after their *Noses*.

XXXIV.

The *Zealot* ne're stood like our *speakers* at *London*,  
 Who bemoan their own *want* of *deserts*,  
 And seem to pretend they could wish that were *undone*  
 Which if *really* so'd, break their hearts.

XXXV.

But to shew that the Person they'd chosen had got  
 A *soul* full as *plain* as his *Phiz*,  
 Took the Mob at *their word*, for fear should he not  
 And Refuse, they might take him at *his*.

C

XXXVI

XXXVI.

Yet though the *Scabbed Flock* would have follow'd their  
*Guide*  
And have ventur'd through Thick and through Thin  
Without any such thing as an *Act* on their side  
To put a good *Gloss* on the fin.

XXXVII.

He resolv'd he'd a Law for his purpose procure,  
And *Thieve* like a true Man of Sense,  
And cheating the *People*, to make all things sure  
By putting a *Trick* on the *Prince*.

XXXVIII.

And away the *Lay-Priest* to the Senate-House went  
With his Mob at his Heels to stand by him,  
While he sued for their *Indigent* Honours consent,  
Which nothing of *Scot* could deny him.

XXXIX.

But, Lord ! What a Joy there appear'd in the *Throng*,  
Who had hopes to obtain *Transportation* !  
How they 'nointed their *Joynts*, and he *Liquor'd* his *Tongue*  
To address the great *Dons* of the *Nation* !



## ( 11 )

## XL.

Not a Man of a Thousand of all that came there,  
 But look'd big, as already preferr'd,  
 And his *Shirt* full of *Lice* and his *Head* full of *Care*  
 Spoke him not a jot less than his *Laird*.

## XLI.

The Senate for their part, to their Praise be it told,  
 Were putting their Noddles together,  
 And consulting what *Frize* would best keep out the *Cold*  
 And fence off the next Winter's sharp *Weather*.

## XLII.

However they drop'd their *Debates*, and their *Votes*,  
 And left hearing *Committee Men's* Speeches  
 Concerning the thickness and make of their *Coats*  
 For a *Mettle* to put in their *Breeches*.

## XLIII.

And as soon as they heard 'em name *Gold Bars* and *Duff*  
 With abundance of such pritty matters,  
 They thought it belong'd to their *Station* and *Trust*,  
 To get some for their *Wives* and *Daughters*.

( 12 )

## XLIV.

And up rose a *Sage Member*, whose *Worshipful Face*  
 Made the *Saints* near him almost adore him,  
 And gave 'em to know he could say a *long Grace*,  
 Had he good store of *Victuals* before him.

## XLV.

With his *Eyes* towards *Heav'n*, & his *Heart* towards *Gain*  
 He made a long *Prayer* in *Scotch*,  
 Though he might have forborn the fatigue of his *Brain*,  
 And *succeeded* as soon in *Low-Dutch*.

## XLVI.

Yet to shew that his *Parents* had taken some care  
 In breeding their *Eloquent Son*,  
 And that some of their *Wits* were as sharp as their *Air*,  
 And could make use of more *Tongues* than *One*.

## XLVII.

Having pull'd off his *Hat*, as a *Man* that had been  
 Beyond the unmannerly *Tweed*,  
 And had *beaten the Hoof* and good *Christians* had seen  
 Who taught him to *Bow* at a need.

## XLVIII.

XLVIII.

He whin'd it in English to prevail for the Throng,  
As a Language of *Weight* and *Address*,  
And hating the *People*, made use of their Tongue  
For the sake of the better success.

XLIX.

*Brethren* (he cry'd) behold! *How good*  
*The Lord is to his People!*  
He on our side not only stood,  
And batter'd down vain Gods of Wood,  
But gave us Church and Steeple.

L.

*Thanks to his Name, we now possess,*  
*Th' Effects of those we heard once,*  
And have their Lands without their Dress,  
As we take pleasure to oppress  
The very Men we fear'd once.

LI.

Yet though we sinfully have spar'd  
Their Life, and took their Living,  
God has been bountious still, and heard,  
Our readiness to stand prepar'd,  
For something of his Giving.

## LII.

*And lo! to this Good Man is told  
By Heav'nly Inspiration,  
How we may wallow all in Gold,  
As our Good Sires in Dirt of Old,  
And grow a Pow'rful Nation.*

## LIII.

*Then what avails it that we've sent  
The Singing-Men a grazing?  
That Priests for want of Meat keep Lent,  
And Bishops starve in Banishment;  
Whilst we their Goods are Praising?*

## LIV.

*That Surplices are out of door,  
And Liturgies uncommon,  
That now the Babylonish Whore,  
With all her Ceremonious Store,  
Is worshipped by no Man?*

## LV.

*If we (t' our shame) at last refuse  
The Motions of the Spirit;  
And having any State to chuse,  
And be as Rich as any Jews  
Not venture and Inherit.*

( 15 )

LVI.

To be sure such a *Godly Proposal* as this  
Which had one of th' *Elett* to stand by it,  
Must needs be receiv'd, and th' Event hit or Miss,  
They could ne're have the hearts to deny it.

LVII.

'Twas therefore agreed by the *Saints* one and all  
To consent to the *Robb'ry* Projected,  
And ne're to refuse so *Gracious* a Call,  
But to do as the *Spirit directed*.

LVIII.

Not that I can e're think or am apt to believe  
That the Burghers knew *Paterfons* Drift,  
But am told though their *Tenants* are Idle and thieve,  
They know how to be *just* at a *lift*.

LIX.

However 'twas voted that the Critical Minute  
Was come for 'em *all* to be *made*,  
And (*Religion turn out*) the Devil was in it,  
But *Room* was now *left* 'em for *Trade*.

LX.

A Bill was prepar'd with a Cartload of *Clauses*,  
 That his *Majesty* might not *peruse* it,  
 And having a sight of their *Reasons* and *Causes*  
 Take *advice*, and go near to refuse it.

LXI.

This the good Prince ne're dream'd of, or suppos'd the  
 Breasts  
 Of a People his Sword had preserv'd,  
 But immediately *sign'd*, to get rid of his *Guests*  
 Who fed in his Camp as *Half starv'd*.

LXII.

For the King had all manner of Reason to hope  
 That they harbour'd no thoughts which were *Evil*,  
 Nor imagin'd the *Zelots* whom he'd sav'd from the *Pope*  
 Were *running headlong* to the *Devil*.

LXIII.

'Tis not to be thought but the *Deputies* made  
 All the hast that they could to be gone,  
 And having *ill serv'd* whom they ne're well *obey'd*,  
 Took Horse when their *Business* was done.

LXIV.

588  
( 17 ]

LXIV.

Though 'twas Death to the *canting* *Wife* acres to part  
With the sight of good Victuals and Drink,  
And for *actual* provisions which enliv'd their *Heart*,  
Go to feed on *Potentiel* Chink.

LXV.

As for his part the *Wife* *Lord* *Commissioner's* Grace  
Was not the in the least at a stand,  
But call'd in a trice for the *Scepter* and *Mace*,  
At the sight of his *Sovereign's* Hand.

LXVI.

And *Christning* the *Bill* by a *touch* to an *Act*  
Gave the *Brat* such a Title and Claim  
As 'twill get nothing by, 'tis master of fa &,  
While *Tweedal's* its *Godfather's* Name.

LXVII.

The News had no sooner reach'd *Edinburg* *Town*,  
And been heard by the *Famishing* *Tribe* ;  
But the *Realms* of both *Indies* ev'ry foot Were their *own*,  
And the *Country* came into *Subscribe*.

D

XLVIII.

589

( 18 )

LXVIII.

Not a man but would *gang*, and go *set down his Fist*,  
Marry would he *put in for the Plate* ;  
And since 'twas nothing else but to be in the *List*  
He'd immediately get an *Estate*.

LXIX.

Such a number of *Scrawls*, and of *Pot-hooks*, and *Marks*  
No *Parish* beside this could boast,  
As the *Knights of the Thistle*, fine blew *Ribbon'd Sparks*,  
Set their Hands with the *Knights of the Post*.

LXX.

The *Nobles*, for want of the *Ready*, made o're  
Their *Estates* to promote the design ;  
And in *Quality-Capitals* own'd they were poor,  
And perfectly *Strangers* to *Coin*.

LXXI.

The *Clergy*, (mistake me not) those who 'could read  
Sold their *Calvin*, and *Baxter*, and *Knocks* ;  
And turn the *Whites of their Eyes* to succeed,  
*Bless'd* the *P* eices, and *pray'd* for *large Stocks*.

LXXII.



LXXII.

The *Commons* to forward the Vows and the Wishes  
They had made to see *Ships* in the *Frytb,*  
Made away with their Kettles, and Trenchers, and Dishes,  
And would have *made sale* of their *Teeth.*

LXXIII.

But none could be found but had more than enough  
Of his own, than he well could employ ;  
And all could find *Grinders* when few could find *Stuff,*  
To *set 'em at work,* or could buy.

LXXIV.

Having rais'd what they could, and advanc'd such a *Sum,*  
As our Parish Collectors for *Dues,*  
Twas adviseable thought to go farther from Home  
And get other Lands into their *Noose.*

LXXV.

And to shew that the Country next to 'em should have  
The advantage of those more at distance,  
They agreed first on *England,* as a place where a Knave,  
Might prevail, and have ample Subsistence.

## LXXVI.

When away the *Sage Elders* 'stead of *Scotch Cloth & Packs*,  
 The *Burthens* they commonly bore,  
 Took their Books of Subscriptions and their Lists on their  
 Backs  
 And jogg'd on to the Christian Shore.

## LXXVII.

Where 'twas all things to nothing but their tricks and  
 abuses  
 Would have finger'd the Baggs of some *Dons*,  
 Which had got 'em *fair Wives* for *other Men's* uses,  
 And foul *Chambermaids* for their *Sons*.

## LXXVIII.

But the Parliament smell'd out the Stench of the Plot,  
 As the Sinners were serving there Turns  
 And caution'd the *Cukold* to beware of the *Scot*  
 If he meant to keep *Gold* with *his Horns*.

## LXXIX.

Else the *Patient* Disciples of *Rogers* and *Shore's*  
 Had paid in the Sums they set down:  
 And the sake of the *Brethren* and the Love of *Gold Ore*,  
 Had gutted that *Self* in the Town.

## LXXX.

( 212 )

LXXX.

As the *Physical Saints* who fate up for the *Mace*,  
Believ'd what was said, and would hear 'em ;  
And a *Bookfeller* thought to subscribe was his Place  
As he serv'd the *good Bishop* of *Sarum*.

LXXXI,

As a set of *Wife* sparks who *two Millions* could raise,  
Much *sooner* than ever was known  
Would have fall'n by *another* Land's projects and ways  
Who are now *going down* by their own.

LXXXII.

Such a rub in his way as a *Senate-House* Vote  
Was enough to have *damp'd* a Mans Spirits ;  
But insolent *Paterson* kept his first Note,  
And stood up for the *Cause*, and it's *Merits*.

LXXXIII.

And cursing their *Wisdom*, who could see through the  
*Cheat*  
March'd off with his *Parchment* and *Scrolls*,  
And endeavr'ing to *shake the Dust* from his *Feet*,  
Had like to've *got rid* of his *Soles*.

LXXXIII

LXXXIV.

( 22 )

## LXXXIV.

For he'd trotted so far on an Errand so vain,  
 Where his *Time* and his *Labour* were lost,  
 That to set the *frail* Remnants together again  
 Was too hard on the *Company's* cost.

## LXXXV.

The place he next fix on as a *refuge* for such,  
 Whom no *Kingdom* beside would receive  
 Was the *Protestant* Land of good natur'd *DUTCH*  
 Who without all dispute would believe.

## LXXXVI.

On *Calvin* that Nation pinn'd her Faith and her Trust,  
 And he *Calvin's* opinions had taught ;  
 Which would make for his purpose, yes in Troth that it  
 must,  
 Or the Country was running *stark naught*.

## LXXXVII.

And having invented a Specious fair Tail,  
 For *Maney* to pay for their *Fraights*,  
 He and his Comrades in an instance set sail  
 To address the *Compassionate STATES*.

## LXXXVIII.

( 23 )

## LXXXVIII.

Who, *pious good Men*, for the *sake* of their Land  
 Are *pleas'd* to be always *content*  
 To accept of Proposals from *head* or from *hand*,  
 If the *profit* be *Thirty per Cent*.

## LXXXIX.

But the *Righteous* Projector, like a true Man of *Crape*  
 Took a *Sooterkin's* treat at free *Cost*,  
 And while he *bles'd Heaven* for the *Juice* of the *Grape*,  
 In a *Hellish* Condition was *lost*.

## XC.

And his *Falshood* all *drown'd* in the *Truth* of the *Cup*  
 He *spew'd* out his *Old Kingdom's* design,  
 And *discharging* his *Stomach* the *secret* came up  
 And *disclos'd* a *worse stench* than his *Wine*.

## XCI.

Not that those he *apply'd* to, had *Stomacks* so *squemish*  
 To grow *sick* or be *pall'd* at the thing,  
 But a *smell* good or bad's never *noisome* in *Flemish*,  
 And a *Turd's* all the same as *Old-Ling*.

## XCII.

( 24 )

XCII.

But their Magistrates thought it more Politick still  
In their dealings with Neighbour or Stranger,  
Though they'd take all occasions to *bring Grist to their*  
*Mill,*  
To *bring't*, if they could, without *danger*.

XCIII.

Without any dispute our *Apostle* was vext  
To see matters so damnable cross,  
However he studied from the *Words of the Text*  
To help those who occasion'd his loss.

XCIV.

And since the *Fleet Royal* of Scotland was Ta'ne  
By a *French Privateer* nigh the shore  
And the *two Ships* would ne're *ride* in *Leith Road* again,  
That did nothing but *wast* the Kings *store*.

XCV.

He gravely consider'd that the *Hollanders Wood*,  
Had it's growth in a *Presbyter Nation*,  
And the *Timber* no question was *Sea-proof* and good  
Whose *Owners* held *Predestination*.

XCVI.

( 25 )

XCVI.

Wherefore, though he could not get in for *their* Gilt  
By his Subtle Delusions and Pray'rs;  
He order'd some *Protestant* Ships to be built  
That the *Dutch* might be Masters of *Their's*.

XCVII.

Least the Plancks, should they come from *Idolatrous* Ground,  
Might give way, and the Brethren be lost,  
And those who were *born to be starr'd* might be *drown'd*,  
And the *Proverb* and *Doctrine* be *cross'd*.

XCVIII.

Yet to shew that *Dame Fortune* could never subdue,  
The minds of a People so *Stout*,  
He *Shrug'd up his Shoulders*, as one who'd pursue  
What his Masters had sent him about.

XCIX.

But as *Augurs* of Old before a design  
Stood waiting the *Birds* and their *Flight*,  
And from that side they flew to could guess and Divine,  
If it was a *good minute* to *Shite*;

C.

So the *North-Country* Prophet as full of concern  
As if *more* than the *Scotch* laid at stake;  
Attended *devoutly* for a token to learn  
If People worth nothing could *break*.

E

CI.

CI.

When before he could possibly turn him self round  
As he pray'd for a sign to set sail,  
To his *unspeakable comfort* he found,  
A *Louse* bite the *left Cheek* of his Tail.

CII.

And Transported with Joy for the *Signal*, he cry'd,  
Heav'n bids us put off from this shore,  
'Tis apparent good Luck, since he bites the *left side*,  
And Fortune will thwart us no more,

CIII.

Which had like to've been true, and a *Louse* had been rais'd  
To Men's *Worship*, as *Beasts* in old Times,  
Had the *Hamburgers* swallow'd the Bait which they prais'd,  
And shar'd in their Traffick, and Crimes.

LCIV.

But a *Resident* just to the *Prince* and the *Land*  
Whose *Honour* and *Wealth* was his aim,  
Made 'em hold back their *Money*, though they put down their  
*hand*,  
For the sake of their *Master's* great Name.

CV.

Which the *Felons* made use as a *Specious* Disguise,  
For the *Theft* which was just in pretence;  
That what was found out, and refus'd by the *Wise*  
Might be caught at by *Men of no Sense*.



( 27 ]

CVI.

Having lost his *Shoal Anchor*, what Methods to take  
No Mortal among 'em could tell him,  
He had done what he could for *Christianity's* sake,  
And yet nothing but mischiefs befell him.

CVII.

He had founded the *Lovers of Calvin and Christ*,  
But they'd nothing with which they would part ;  
And neither *Meeting* or *Church* would bring *Grist*  
Though he did what he could for his *Heart*.

CVIII.

Poor *Luther's Disciples* he'd have joyn'd with the *Kirk*,  
But they'd baulk'd his Expectance and hope,  
And he must either side with the *Jew* or the *Turk*  
Or be damn'd and go Snacks with the *Pope*.

CIX.

This made him be desp'rate, and advise his Collegues,  
To stand by his Project or fall,  
And since they were cross'd by an *Envoy's* Intreagues  
To rob *Peter* to even with *Paul*.

CX.

And taking up Money which will ne're be repay'd  
He got three of his Ships out of Trouble  
While the rest in the *Ouze* not in *Lavender* laid,  
Rotted on to shew *Scot* for a Bubble.

## CXI.

And to make it appear the *Projector* could *Swim*,  
 Though the *Project* was ready to sink,  
 Homewards he sail'd with his *Vessels* as *Trim*  
 As if those which were in 'em had *Chink*.

## CXII.

For their Part the *Ships* were all new spick and span,  
 And had *Cannon* as other *Ships* bore,  
 Which made the *Scots* run, *Child*, *Woman*, and *Man*  
 At such a *Strange* fight to the shore.

## CXIII.

Yet though their new *Fleet* made a sort of a show  
 And the *People* took *Pleasure* to see 'em;  
 Their *Owners* they sigh'd and ask'd *Council* to know  
 Now they'd purchas'd 'em what to do wi' 'em.

## CXIV.

At last 'twas agreed, and for certainty found,  
 That whatever came of their affair;  
 The *Ships* could but *sink*, and the *Sailors* be *drown'd*  
 Which would make things no worse than they were.

## CXV.

And orders were giv'n to their *Servants* and *Skippers*,  
 To loose their *Top-fails* and be gone,  
 Where their *Parsons*, and *Bibles*, and *Perukes*, and *Slippers*  
 Would bring 'em in for y for one,

( 29 )

CXVI.

They'd abundance of other pritty nick-nacks to truck  
And Exchange with the Natives for Gold ;  
When flinging three Lice on the shore for good Luck,  
They Launch'd forward to *steal* what they could.

CXVII.

And being in hast for the Island of Riches  
They steer'd to catch hold on the Prey,  
Though that Man was happy who had Coat or had Breeches,  
To lay down for food in his way.

CXVIII.

Nothing Material through the Voyage fell out,  
As they temptred the Winds and the seas ;  
But their Moveables went without scruple or doubt  
For Provision's to JackPortuguese:

CXIX.

And Paterfons Maiden was first brought to bed  
Of a *Bastard*, and afterwards Married,  
As the Fruit of her Womb, more Luckyly Sped,  
Than his *Fruitlefs* attempt that miscarried.

CXX.

At last the lean Fools had a fight of the Place,  
Where they starv'd all in steering their Courses,  
And resolving to *Feast* and *fatten* apace  
Leap'd a shore all as Hungry as Horses,

CXXI.

When they look'd, and they look'd, till they look'd themselves  
blind,  
For something to serve 'em for food,  
But in vain, they could nothing like *Eatables* find  
Unless they could Dine upon *Wood*.

CXXII.

(30)

CXXII.

The next peice of *Wisdom* was to *Christen* the Land,  
 But their *Parsons* had giv'n up the Ghost,  
 And 'twas allow'd of at every hand  
 It belong'd to grave *Paterfon's* Post.

CXXIII.

Though the *Saints* were departed stood 'em in little stead  
 In things of advice and reproof,  
 But to *Marry* their *Whores*, and to *Bury* their *Dead*,  
 And that was Employment enough.

CXXIV.

Having giv'n it the Name of a Parent and Freind  
 They entrench'd it both Forepart and Back,  
 Which nothing but *Scot* would take care to defend,  
 And nothing but *Scot* would attack,

CXXV.

Where, after they'd tarried looking up to the Skies  
 To send 'em down Meat and Gold Rain,  
 And had wearied their hands and had tir'd out their Eyes,  
 In delving and searching for gain.

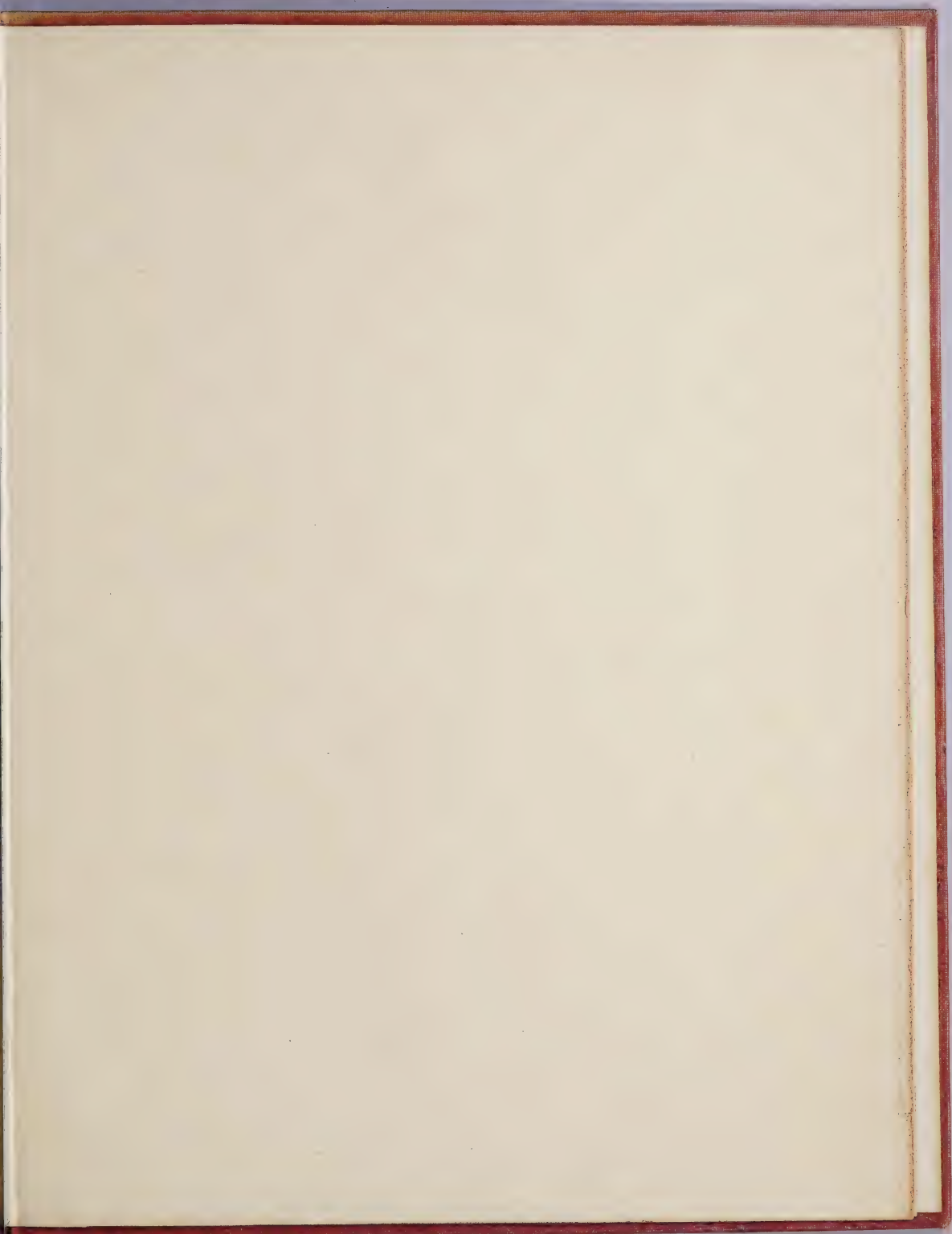
CXXVI.

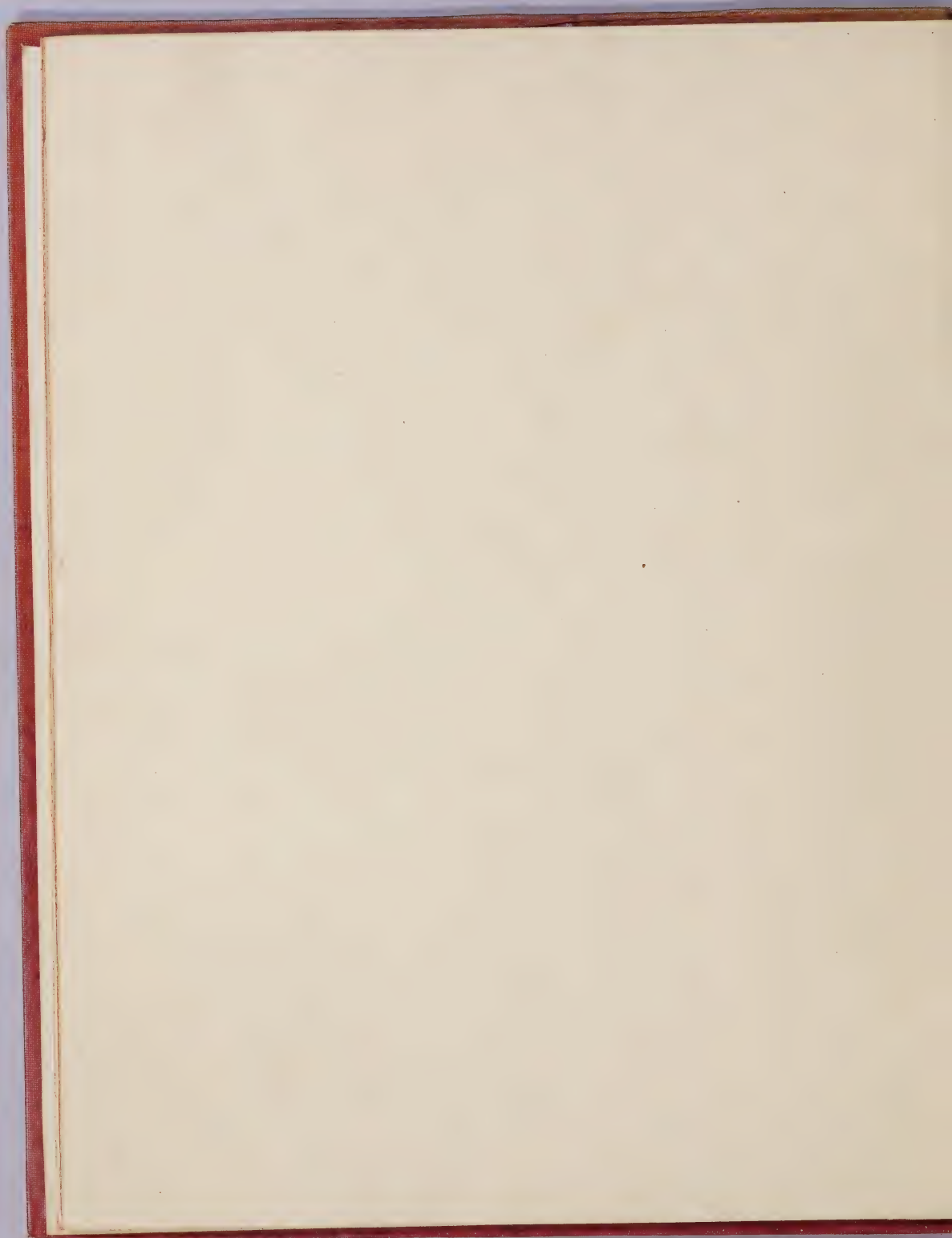
Two Thirds being dead, and another made *Slaves*  
 By the *Spaniard* for fear of his Oar,  
 They left felling *Trees* and ceas'd digging *Graves*,  
 And, crawl'd to their Ships from the Shore.

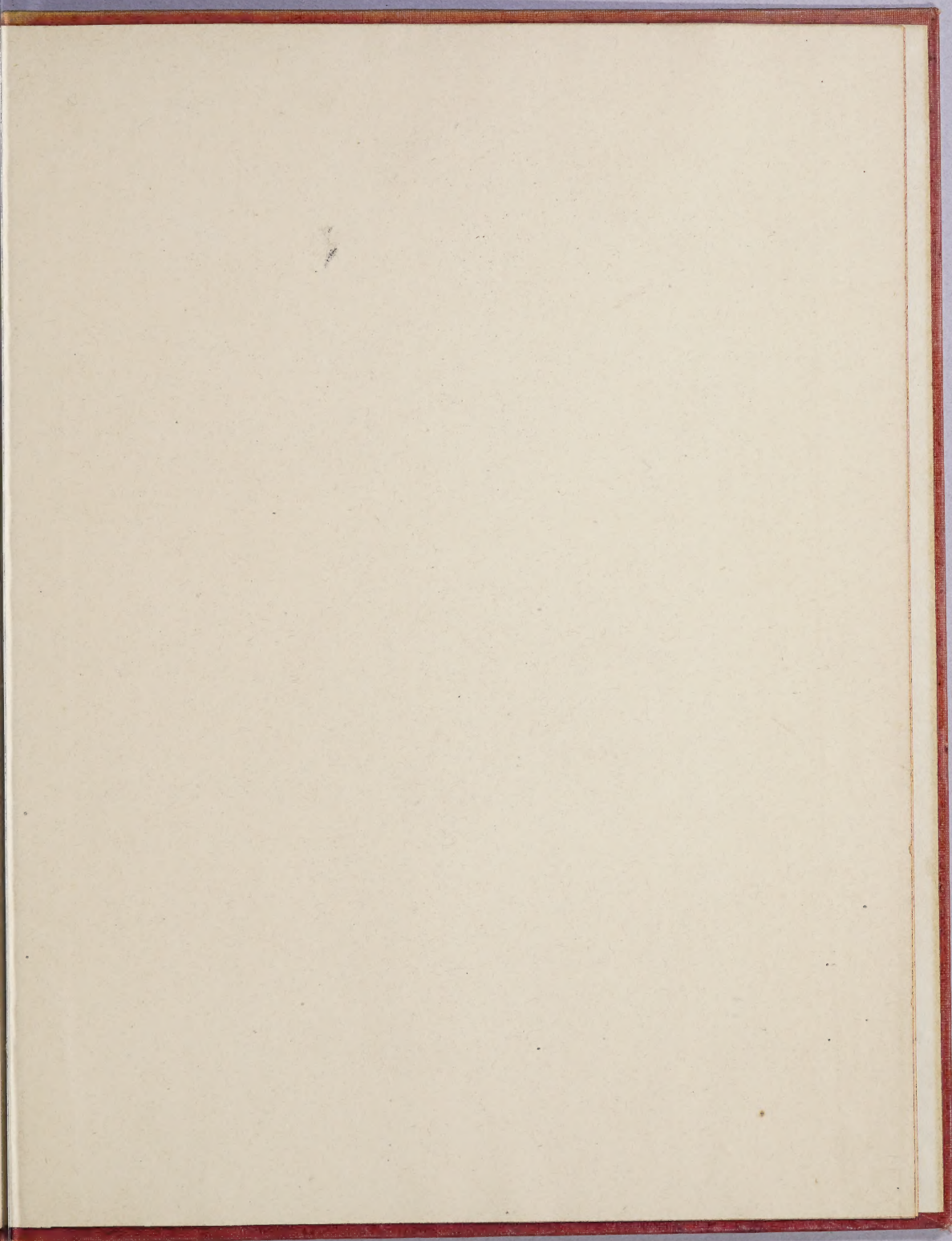
CXXVII.

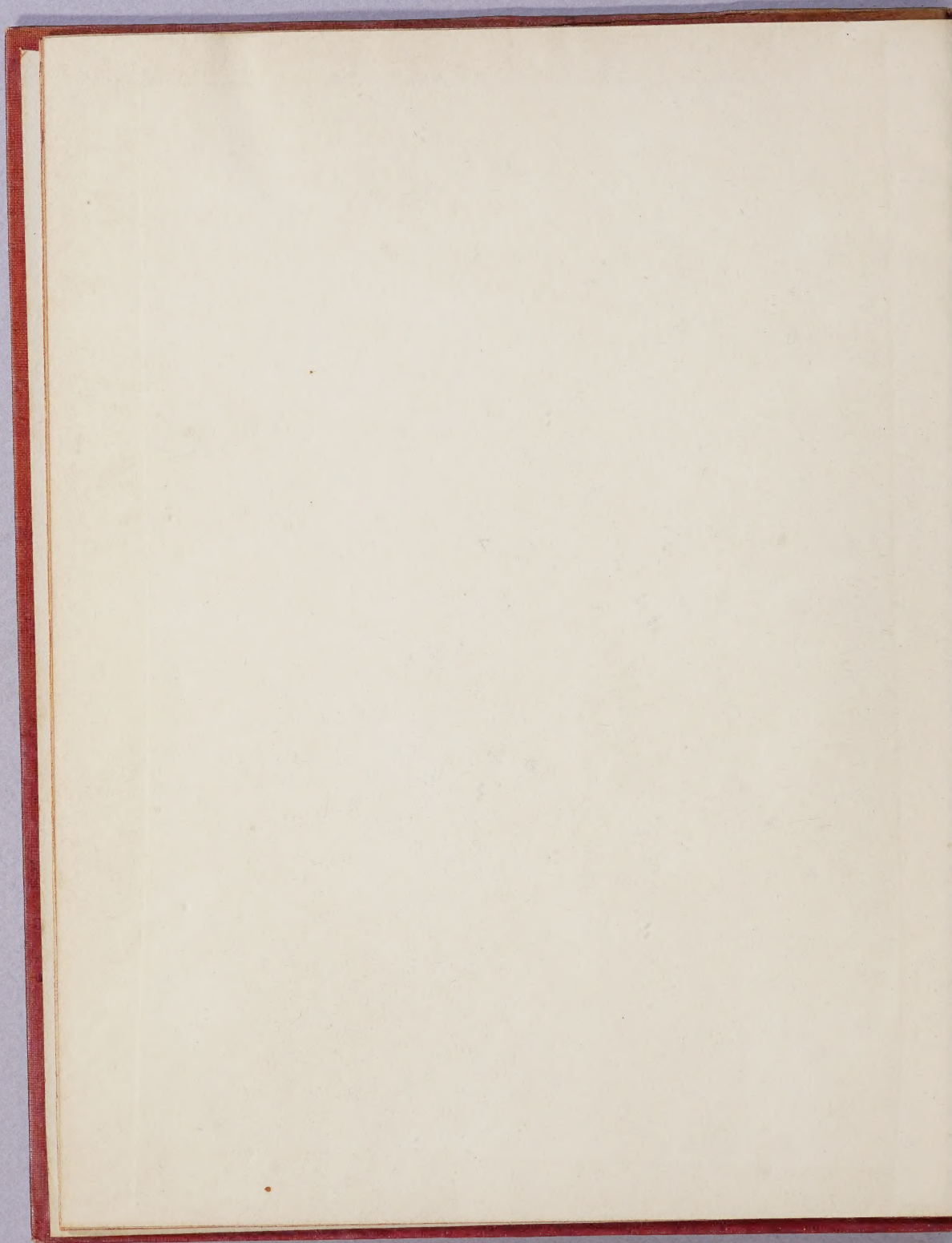
The first Time a *Scot* ever wish'd himself home,  
 For want of good *Air* or of *Bread*,  
 And the last (if he's wise) that he from it will come  
 On such a *Fool's Errand* as *Trade*.

E I N I S.











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128

